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Anti-Investigationists

Some mention has been made of those who think there is need of a legislative investigation of Hylanism. It is but fair to test those of a contrary opinion—those who see no reason why the Mayor should be bothered in such a manner. Here are some who are not friendly to an investigation:

William R. Hearst.
Charles F. Murphy.
Richard Enright.
Robert Brindell.
John T. Hettrick.
David Hirschfeld.
Joseph A. Solovei.

The catalogue might be lengthened and carry the names of divers and sundry contractors, gamblers, bandits, automobile thieves, etc. But perhaps it is long enough to indicate to the Legislature whom it will please if an investigation is denied.

The Garden's Answer

There is nothing like a great popular gathering to dissipate confusion and to keep simple truths simple. So those who organized and participated in Friday night's loyal outpouring contributed greatly to the education of all of us. It was a mighty baptism and rededication.

A vicious and malignant propaganda had ventured once more to raise its ugly head. It was cloaked with careful artifice, and with streaming eyes humbly asked for sympathy. But the boys who wore the khaki were not fooled. They saw the forked tongue and they smote, and smote hard. For some time the Deutschland-Go-Bragh alliance is likely to be quiet.

But even more of value than the rebuke was the inspiring testimony of the clear perception of what blighted the peace and prevented a ripening of the expected fruits of victory. Every speaker, every bit of applause, the expression on every face, bore witness to one thing. It is that the peace is dissatisfying because those gloriously together have been driven apart.

What brought on the war? The belief of the Kaiser and the Prussian militarists that the creation of an effective coalition against them was impossible. They did not think Great Britain or Belgium or Italy would come in—never dreamed of being compelled to meet 2,000,000 Americans in the Argonne, along the Aisne and in Picardy. Had they counted on a divided opposition they would not have dared.

Silence, German hope has had a similar basis and every German maneuver has been to incite division. The armistice appeal went to President Wilson, and he was adroitly invited to captain a cause which in some way was not the cause of the country's companions in arms, and to the discredit of his intelligence he listened to the lure. Then followed the protracted parleys, with ignorant pacifism disintegrating the grand alliance. Who can separate the harm done when little disputes are allowed to breed for the sake of the one supreme need?

And what does Madison Square Garden answer to this? What said the 500 Gold Star mothers whose country pride conquered their grief? The answer is there in full popular knowledge of who and what have incessantly labored to lose the peace, and thus to lay foundations for future wars. Wrath deservedly descended on all, whatever the excuse, who would separate those brought together in noble union by a beneficent Providence. It matters not that the disintegrators may have good intentions, or think they have. This is the consequence of their work is evil.

Our people care little for paper promises. They are not friendly to a paper-state. They would reserve the liberty of action. But any and all who emphasize disunities rather than unities, dislikes rather than concord, are regarded rather than con-

do no service to America or to mankind. This idea of the necessity of union is firmly planted in the public mind. Let the champions of divisive strife beware of arousing its militant spirit by attempts to uproot it.

Poor Russia!

That the Soviet autocracy has been able to snuff out the Cronstadt revolution does not surprise those who have followed the recent news from Russia. When it appeared that Petrograd had not been captured the collapse of the movement was foreshadowed. A revolution that does not spread quickly is likely to come to a sudden end.

Under modern conditions a civilian population is helpless unless the soldiers sent against it refuse to fire. What the people think is of little consequence to military tyrants. Le-rine and Trotsky still command the services of an army which is partly fanatic and partly mercenary, and through it monopolize all available weapons.

Yet though the Cronstadt rising was foredoomed to failure, it is significant. It marks a new phase in the Russian struggle for freedom. This time it was not possible to make a plausible claim that foreigners were being resisted. Moreover, to use the populace it was necessary to use measures of extreme terrorism. The bloody scenes will not be forgotten, and it is probable, according to the Russian habit, that the oppressed will commence to use bombs and assassination. The resistance to the new czarism will more and more take on the character of the resistance to the old czarism, with an intensification of bitterness, for the new czarism is less humane and less buttressed by age-long institutions and national habits.

But Russia by no means approaches an early end of her troubles. She will continue to be a land of horror. The Bolshevik group will cling to power with desperate tenacity and their Red agents will exceed the Black Hundred in savagery. The world lost its chance to do much for Russia by not effectively intervening when the Bolshevik grip was weak. To use President Wilson's phrase, the outside nations—he being largely responsible for the conduct of one—did not endure the acid test of friendship for the Russian people.

But there is one gain. Nowhere will any one not wicked or insane longer contend that Bolshevism is an experiment in progress, or that it differs in any material respect from the bloody despotisms whose atrocities have darkened human history. Poor Russia!

Jamaica

Whatever the motives of Senator Reed in advocating the acceptance of the British West Indies as part payment of the British war debt to America—a proposal by no means original—it is not because of his sponsorship to be dismissed from consideration.

Only the professional Irish and the Germans believe that war between America and Britain is possible, and Britain, for this reason, contrary to the implications of the gentleman from Missouri, has no particular military object in holding the islands. Their advantages to her are mainly economic.

To America, however, the islands are of strategic as well as economic value. Even granted the hypothesis that war with England is impossible, a day may some time come when at least a part of Great Britain's possessions may pass into other hands.

Had the Germans won the war there is little doubt that among the conditions of peace would have been a clause transferring Jamaica and other West Indian islands to Germany. The fatherland had previously been ambitious for a footing in the Western Hemisphere. Why not again?

The key to the understanding of the West Indies is the Panama Canal. Built by American engineers, financed by American money, operated by American men and defended by the American Navy, the canal is essentially a part of the United States. America owes it to the world to keep the canal open. This implies the right and the duty to defend it in time of war. No other nation has an equal interest in it. No other nation can be so affected by its existence and operation. As Great Britain has a keen interest in her road to India, so we have in the islands commanding our road to the Pacific Coast.

While working to increase the fruits of peace, diplomacy must always keep a weather eye open to the possibility of war. It appears to be the curse of nations that a time comes when rulers "eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence." Against these crises statesmen must ever be on guard. As the navy and the army are the weapons of war, it consequently behooves the makers of a country's foreign policy never to

lose sight of the strategic factors underlying defensive warfare.

The map shows that there are only a few bases which may serve as points of attack against the canal. These include Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Hayti, St. Thomas, Santa Lucia, Curacao, Cartagena and the Chiriqui Lagoon, on the Caribbean, and the adjacent Pacific ports of Colombia, Ecuador and the Central American states, including the Galapagos, belonging to Ecuador.

Cuba, Hayti and Porto Rico guard some of the approaches, while Jamaica, lying in the very heart of the region, outflanks practically all approaches—from Europe, America and the South American coast. In fact, Jamaica in hostile hands would be a grave menace to the safety of the canal, as its position with relation to Cuba makes it possible to strike easily at any expeditions or lines of communication passing around the ends of that island, and at the same time enables it to flank any attempted passage to the south.

There are numerous precedents for acquiring foreign territories by purchase. Only four years ago the United States acquired the Virgin Islands, with the consent of their inhabitants, from Denmark. No cry was raised about selling the birth-right of free peoples. In 1867 America purchased Alaska from Russia. In 1819 Florida was bought from Spain and in 1803 Louisiana from France, both very large and profitable transactions.

That the United States will eventually possess Jamaica is probable. Why not now?

Two Leaders

The City of New York lost two creators of civic ideas, two leaders in municipal progress, in the deaths of Calvin Tomkins and Dr. Ernst J. Lederle.

The conception of the Port of New York as a highly complex organization of traffic, rather than so many unrelated docks and switches and what not, is due largely to the brain and energy of Calvin Tomkins. In office and out of office he labored to get his conception understood and accepted. A dock was not just a dock; its chief value could be achieved only as it was related to the larger problem of transportation; and this was single, involving every element of conveyance by land and water in and out of the port. If, as now seems probable, this conception is at last to be applied upon a thorough scale—through the initiative and intelligence of Governor Miller—the city will owe much of its future success to this pioneer labor of Calvin Tomkins.

Not less of a pioneer was Dr. Lederle. It is not too much to say that he was the originator of the conception of municipal health service in the modern American city. Appointed to the office of Health Commissioner by Seth Low, he accomplished much in the development of the city's constructive agencies for protecting the health and lives of its citizens. His example lived on beyond his term of office and controls to-day—as much as any expert labor of science can prevail under such an administration as the present.

It is to men of the type of Tomkins and Lederle that the city must turn for its salvation. Let it honor the memory of these leaders in the way they would most appreciate—by electing to office an administration which will make government by such honest, farseeing experts a practicable and present hope.

B. L. T.

The death of Bert Leston Taylor makes a large void in the daily sustenance of many thousands of Americans. They counted his "A Line-or-Type or Two" column in The Chicago Tribune one of the few essentials of life. They drank it in with their breakfast. And for those that understood, it was probably richer in calories than any other equal area of type in the world.

Every so often America is bedeviled for its lack of humorous magazines worthy of the country that produced Mark Twain. The complete answer lies in B. L. T.—and in Ted Robinson, of The Cleveland Plain-Dealer; Don Marquis, of the old Evening Sun and the new Sun, and our own F. P. A., of The Tribune. Of these Bert Taylor was the honored dean. He it was who succeeded to the mantle of Eugene Field, and not only wore it worthily, but with new effects and an increasing sway upon the popular mind.

The best humor in the country is unquestionably appearing in such columns to-day—and much of the best verse. Probably there is some fundamental reason for this. Our national character is all for the impromptu jest, the daily repartee, the paragraph born of the day's news rather than the more elaborate, full dress humor. Yet the newspaper column as developed by B. L. T. and his fellows is anything but cheap and lowbrow. It appeals quite as much to the scholar and purist as to

THE BURNING QUESTION—WHY NOT LEAVE THE PIANO UNTIL AFTER THE FAMILY IS RESCUED?

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any one else. Learning is worn lightly, but it is always there.

It is thus as a running commentary upon life, a daily philosopher and friend, that the columnist goes deepest into the hearts of his readers. A high defender of the truth was Bert Taylor against all dullards and Philistines. No wonder his readers loved him and revered his word. He was our contemporary Rabelais and can ill be spared. The world he jested at and for will miss him sadly. And all American thought is the poorer.

Almost Overlooked

Hearst's American, which filled columns with an ecstatic report of the Von Mach "Horror on the Rhine" meeting, could find only backspace yesterday for the following:

14,000 PROTEST OVER 'RHINE HORROR' NIGHT

Pershing a Speaker at Meeting Arranged to Attack Recent Gathering in the Garden.

Fourteen thousand persons attended an All-American mass meeting held in Madison Square Garden last night. The American Legion was its sponsor, and seventy patriotic, civic and fraternal organizations were represented. Several open-air meetings were held near the Garden. Six hundred police men under Acting Chief Inspector Murphy handled the crowd.

The meeting was intended as a protest against the recent "Horror on the Rhine" gathering in the Garden. Speakers included General Pershing, Martin W. Littleton, Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Senator Frank B. Willis, Hugh Frayne, Henry J. Ryan and Colonel William J. Donovan.

When a contingent of mothers whose sons had died in the war entered the Garden, the crowd arose and cheered. Wounded soldiers in the balcony got a similar greeting.

Warren Pershing, son of the General, was on the platform near his father. Music was supplied by the New York Oratorio Society and several bands.

Legion officials expressed gratification over the meeting. They said similar ones would be held in many cities.

What is it that is coiled in the flag? Why was the news of one of the most remarkably popular demonstrations New York has ever known almost overlooked? Who hates American loyalty, and why?

A Safety Valve

At times the Harding Cabinet may wish Charles G. Dawes had not refused a place. When things go wrong he would be a handy man to have around to say the things needed to be said.

A Passive War

Funny, but the only nation at war with Germany is taking no active part in the effort to secure the indemnity.

The Menace of Immigration

Are Discord and Disease Brewing in Our Melting Pot?—Shall Americans Be Outnumbered by the Molley Throng?

By Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff

When the German armies challenged civilization by invading Belgium there awoke in the hearts of all nations a thundering answer. The consummation was the successful rescue of a helpless nation. But are we Americans to-day in turn threatened with an invasion?

During the war there was a cessation of immigration from Europe, and the American people stood united in a great common aim. But conditions are now different. Thirty or forty thousand foreigners arrive monthly, while millions in Europe await transportation. It is said eight million Germans are seeking departure from their own country. America is pictured in grotesque posters and pamphlets as an Eldorado. The floating, renegade population is particularly attracted.

An eminent Dutch official said recently that America rarely received the better sort, but the failures, ex-criminals or radicals. Nations owe their strength and security (witness Great Britain) to racial unity, but in America to-day we are surrounded by a turbulence, born of mixed races and ideals, creating a ferment unknown a hundred years ago.

No real American can picture without feelings of trepidation the multitudes waiting to descend upon our shores. The immigration bill, recently passed by the House and Senate, has restricted the number of foreigners entering to 355,000 in one year, or 3 per cent of the nationalities of the various countries who were in the United States in the 1910 census. But fanatics of liberty raised an outcry against the bill and President Wilson killed it by a pocket veto. So the law is as it was.

The influx of radicals, with their disquieting propaganda of the Sinn Féin-German-Soviet sort, spread through public speaking and the foreign-language press, must eventually affect the national consciousness. Labor falls an easy prey to such disturbing influences, and equal suffrage is no bar. So unrest and dissension occur, resulting in outbreaks and outrages upon social life such as have been occurring.

Americans Outnumbered

It is safe to predict that if the increasing flood of immigrants is not checked the American people will be outnumbered, and outvoted within the next hundred years. The descendants of the original settlers of this country, the Huguenot, Dutch and English, are yearly decreasing since so many of these are dying without issue, whereas the foreigners have noticeably large families.

The arrival of vast numbers of unskilled workers from abroad is an affront to our millions of unemployed. Unable to provide for our own labor, it is justice to them that employers should accept foreigners at a lower wage. Their presence in our midst can only complicate the present.

the poor is the cause, in many crowded communities, of four families being obliged to live in three rooms. As many as five persons have been reported to the Health Commissioner as being in one room, without window or light! Many of the lately arrived immigrant children are tubercular, as this disease is raging in Europe.

Europe is ravaged by disease—six million have died. In some Polish districts there remains but one physician to 50,000 inhabitants! In Egypt, along the Mediterranean, is bubonic plague, and nearby countries are swept by cholera and typhus. Two of these diseases have very recently made their appearance in this country. Is the national health of America to be threatened by immigration? In the name of the principles which are our heritage we must seek protective legislation against indiscriminate immigration. Let us not tarry till the seeds of destruction are sown, until disease and unrest shall have despoiled our national serenity. Deportation comes too late to undo so vast an evil. We must act before the sword thrusts shall have become effective.

Washington, in one of his last letters, admonished the American people to preserve, above all, the "personality" of their nation in independence of all others. And we cannot heed his words too deeply at this hour, when millions of Europeans are waiting to descend upon our shores.

Faulty Humanity

An Interpretation by Mrs. Norris of Christ's Teaching

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: My first knowledge of the little "Forget and Forgive" controversy among your readers came with John W. Loveland's answer to Mr. Clinchy's letter in Sunday's Tribune.

I hope it will be rebuked in a far more eloquent manner than is possible to me, but at least let me protest against Mr. Loveland's extraordinary interpretation of the acts and words of Jesus Christ. He turns them into a justification of revenge and indemnification, a proceeding that, coming from a "deep student for thirty years" of the Bible, is as astonishing as it is discouraging.

Mr. Loveland naturally does not quote the separate and definite commands to love your neighbor, to forgive your enemy and them that despitefully use you, to forgive your brother unto seventy times seven. He ignores the promise that blessed are the meek, that Jesus Christ's disciples shall be known because they love each other, and that in the love of men for God, as men for men, is contained all the law.

But what is astonishing is to find Mr. Loveland quoting in defense of his position the warning of Jesus Christ to the Scribes and Pharisees, the blind guides, etc. This was no threat of human revenge, this was no hymn of hate. This was the solemn notification, from one who knew more than they of the life to come, that for what they did amiss they must pay; not between faulty humanity and faulty humanity, not here, visibly, on earth, but in that region of which he knew, where he was familiar and at home, and of which they obviously knew nothing.

The meaning is so clear, the solemn warning that they know not what they are doing is so unmistakable, that even without the words "blind," so often repeated by Jesus when he addressed His listeners, one could not misread it. His followers were not to judge; they were to love, forgive; God was to have from them "mercy and not sacrifice." So much for this world—this was all their law. It was for a higher tribunal, and for an infinite justice, to mete out to them what they had earned.

That purgation for every jot and tittle of misdoing is apportioned to the soul before it can be free is a common belief among many creeds. But that it is ever right for man to revenge himself upon his brother, to punish and to oppress, is none of the teaching of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Loveland's attitude, humanly speaking, is entirely logical. They hurt us—let us hurt them, is the natural law. Though it means "the placing of a nation of men and women and their children in economic slavery," there is nothing in history to deter us from doing it, or to make us feel that we are wrong. But surely there is blasphemy in attaching to this course the name of Jesus Christ!

The so-called Christian world does not live by the law of Jesus Christ; perhaps humanity never will be able to do so. But at least we need not lay to His door the revengeful and resentful actions of our pitiful human nature.

KATHLEEN NORRIS
New York, March 10, 1921.

The Real Question

(From The Esquire Journal)
According to the latest expert estimate, there are four trillion tons of coal under our soil, or enough to supply domestic needs and export requirements for the next 6,000 years. By the way, when will the price be back at the prewar level?

Beyond Argument

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal)
Doctors disagree as to the food value of beer and wine and the medicinal value of beer and wine. It is not contended that there can be any ground for disagreement as to the beverage value of beer and wine.

A National Epidemic

(From The Cincinnati Enquirer)
The crime wave will look like a mere ripple in comparison to the sick wave that is going to follow the announcement that beer, real beer, may be prescribed for this sick.

A Week of Verse

Passer Mortuus Est
(From The Century)
DEATH devours all lovely things.
Leaves but her sparrow.
Shares the darkness. Presently
Every bed is narrow.

Unremembered as old rain,
Dries the sheer libation,
And the little, petulant hand
Is an annotation.

After all, my crutched dear,
My no longer cherished,
Need we say it was not love,
Now that love is perished?

Sonnet

I SEE so clearly now my similar years
Renew each other, shod in rusty
black,
Like one hack following another hack
In meaningless procession, dry of
tears,

Driven empty, lest the noses, sharp as
spears,
Of gutter urchins at a hearer's back
Should sniff a man died friendless, and
attack
With silly scorn his deaf, triumphant
ears—

I see so clearly how my life must end,
One year behind another year, until
At length these bones that leap into
the sun
Are lowered into the gravel and lie still,
I would at times the funeral were
done
And I abandoned on the ultimate hill.
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

Spring From a Window

(From The Yale Review)
When There Is April
WHO would fear death when there is
April?
Like a flame, like a song—
To heal all who have lived with yearning
Year-through, life-long.

When there is April with fulfillment
For longing and for pain,
For every reaching hand that beauty
Has lured in vain.

Who would shrink from the earth when
April
With slim rain hands shall reach
Through the doors of dark, and call
them
Who love her speech?

How shall I keep April
When my songs are done—
How can I be still?
And still feel the sun?

I, who dreaded silence,
I, who April-long
Kept my heart from breaking
With the cry of song.

How can I hold sunlight
In my hands, like gold,
And bear the pain of silence
When my songs are old?

HAZEL HALL.

A Bush Visitor

(From The Sydney Bulletin)
FOR the guest the best,
For the host no matter—
One knife, one fork,
One cup, one platter,
Dinner and mutton
All that you need.
"Cut in and cut on,
Have a good feed!"
No time to wipe
Platter and cup—
"Fill up your pipe;
The dog washes up,
Pipes drawing well,
Yarns turn about—
Bush-fires and floods
Sheep-dogs and drought.

The fire burns low.
"Snakes, how they snore—
Guest on the bunk,
Host on the floor.

TWO SEAS.

Meon-Moth

(From The London)
BEYOND the sun, beside a crystal sea
She rules her aisle of lapis lazuli.
Her palaces of marble, agate, jade
Rise like a sheaf of savage flowers and
laid
A splendor on the waves that only
night could fade.

And for her nameless sins and cruel-
ties,
Murders of love-mad men and lusts
—and lies,
Her sentence fell and she was swept
away
From flaming poms and crimes and
royal away.

Hurled from the joy of life, rapt from
the light of day.

Yet being fairest and loveliest
Of any in a woman's body dress.
Fate banished not her beauty from the
earth:
Only her evil happiness and mirth,
And left her lying dead, doomed to
eternal death.

Invisible thus, but when returning
night
Drowns with a purple torrent all the
light.
She rises woman high and spreads her
wing.

A rare, unparagoned, unearthly thing
Beyond the dream of joy, or grief,
imagining.

Her body, like the heart of a white rose,
Shines in the petals of her wings and
glows;
Her plumes—azure, lilac, marigold—
Wide on the dark deliciously unfed
As any rainbow bright, as any glacier
cold.

EDEN PHILLIPOTT.